Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, August 29, 1918 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

1843-1918.

God of the nations, God of humble souls!
How rich in grace the book-of-life unrolls!
Thine are the years, ours the forgotten tears:
Still art Thou better than our faithless fears.

Here came our fathers and our mothers too,
Great was their courage, tho' in numbers few.
They loved the land, this lovely river sought;
They loved the Church their blest Redeemer bought.

New England gave these Christian pioneers.
They built the school, their neighbors were their peers.
Like Pilgrim souls, they sought a faith's pure shrine,
Though hardships came, yet would they ne'er repine.

God of the same bright skies, spacious and free,
God of the hills and of each shady tree,
Our anthems rise, like theirs, in accents strong
In praise of mercies that our years prolong.

God of their children's lives, Thy grace remain
'Til children's children sing the glad refrain.
Thy Church on earth bind us in that "blest tie"
With kindred souls in heaven, who never die.

Lord of all lands let peace forever reign
O'er all the peoples in the fight to gain
Victory for right. Then war shall have an end;
God's kingdom come and make each man a friend.

—*Q. L. D.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918 Number 26

Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!
Such is my task. I go to gather this
The sacred knowledge, here and there dispersed
About the world, long lost or never found.
And why should I be sad or lorn of hope?
Why ever make man's good distinct from God's,
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust?
Who shall succeed if not one pledged like me?

—*Robert Browning in "Paracelcus."*

"And the Word Was—God"

It is a wonderful thought that there is a man living to-day who is exerting more influence on the minds and hearts and consciences of other men on earth than any score, perhaps, than any hundred of his greatest fellows, though they be the greatest of the thinkers or the statesmen; and that man an American. It is a still more wonderful thought that this man is probably exerting more influence than any man in human history, while living, has ever had before. If the Christs of history and the Washingtons and Lincolns have greater influence, it is largely the result of idealization after death. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, had vast influence living, but their worlds were tiny worlds compared with Wilson's world to-day, and their influence crept out slowly through the lands. What Wilson thinks and speaks in Washington this morning is to-morrow morning heard in Australia, China, the islands of the sea and all the lands between.

Heard,—but will it influence? That is the third and greatest wonder—it is influencing. It is affecting mind and heart and conscience through the nations. It will alter thinking, feeling and ideals; it will change talking, writing, living; it will make the morrows other than they would have been; it will shape man's future differently. The power of the Living Word to-day!

From thinking of the wonder we begin to ask the why of it. Why such influence going out to-day from this one man? The reasons are many, but the chief one is the *nature* of his word. It does not tell of any new discovery of science; it has nothing to do with art; it has reference to the past only as all things of the present rest upon the past. It is not even addressed directly to the mind. It is an appeal to the conscience an dthe heart of man,—to the conscience and the heart of Everyman; to the essential, unnatural, unracial man—humanity. It is a statement of ideals higher than the past has ever known as reals, concerning men's relations to each other; and a statement made not as an ideal for a far morrow, but as a practical necessity for this very day; a statement, too, that gets across to the conviction of the hearers because of the exigencies of to-day. They are the hammer driving it home: a thousand Wilsons otherwise would be—but a thousand Wilsons. It is a word about the rights of little peoples. It is saying, "Right makes Might." It is saying to selfish, competing, warring folk: "Try the Golden Rule; co-operate!" It is saying to all masteries, "Try brotherhood!" It is saying to kings, "Come down and let the peoples learn to rule themselves." It is saying, "Make this an earth where people *can* learn to rule themselves—an earth safe for democracy." It is saying: "All the world wants peace, and before peace, and that peace may be, and may be lasting, justice must be, and arrogant defiance of justice must be humbled, whatever of war-anguish it may cost." It is a Declaration of the Inter-dependence of Mankind, a relation based on necessities of justice and good-will. It is a world summons to justice, righteousness, brotherhood, peace. *This* is the word that is going round the world so swiftly to-day, and with such far-reaching potency, from the man in Washington; and the nature of the word explains its penetration, and why the nations raise their heads with shining eyes to listen.

Translate this fact with what we call "religious" terms. Are not these emphases—righteousness, justice, peace, brotherhood, good-will—the very accents that we call "the voice of God?" Does not the fact, then, come to this, that in this day in which we live the great *"God"* is speaking more widely and successfully to the souls of men, with more of those souls listening and being influenced than ever before in human history? What is Wilson but a spokesman?

"Then why are thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God! I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God!"

Does this mean that "all's right with the world?" No, thou foolish Question,—it means that there's a great deal wrong with it, and always will be, and that big and little Wilsons and you and I are the ones to set it right; but it also means that God is succeeding, not failing, and that the world is safe. Keep on the job, thou—as He is keeping on it—and meanwhile pass along this thought to tired, doubting, disheartened people: "The Word" going through the world today,—"is God!"—and incidentally, read Lowell's "Present Crisis" once again, and his "Commemoration Ode."

W. C. G.

THE PULPIT

Fathers I Have Known

A Sermon Preached by Rev. Quincy O. Dowd, at the Congregational Church of Roscoe, Ill., July 7, 1918.

PRELUDE.—A few weeks have passed since two fathers, each a prominent village-man in his way, both of them long in public service, were called by death. These men had sons who themselves are fathers. To be a grandfather, seeing children's children about one's knees, what a high privilege! But even a father has honor, especially as knowing that "every fatherhood on earth has its origin and is so named from its heavenly Source." I do not speak to aged and worn-out fathers whose ideas and habits are fixed. If one would teach fathers or inspire one, he must be caught young. Hence I talk to the young father and to you who hope to be fathers.

Like as a father pitieth his children
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him;
For he knoweth our frame,
He remembereth that we are dust.—Psalm 103: 13-14.

In our "equal suffrage" age there is no danger of jealousy toward keeping Father's Day. Mother's Day has its own hallowed place in man's heart. Yet a revered place in our minds belongs to father. In calling up the proud and splendid things of Israel Paul said—"Whose are the fathers"—the noble Patriarchs of the Jewish race. I can imagine Paul's pausing here, poising his pen a moment, lifting his head, while with a faraway look in his eyes he thought on Abraham, friend of God, father of the faithful; then on Isaac, that dear son, the very apple of a father's eye; last of Jacob, twin-boy of the romantic, beloved Rebekah. Truly such fathers deserve to hold their own in their descendants' affections. A true Jew of today is heir to wonderful Bible-men. Is not The Book so precious to us all because God is the anti-type of fatherly good, because earliest worship and law are joined to that family-altar of Abraham's in Canaan where he called on the name of Jehovah? or in Moses' case at Sinai receiving the holy Ten Words, one of which distinctly commands—"Honor thy father and thy mother"?

But a still deeper human appeal with its universal sweep wells up in the poet's song:

"Like as a father pities his children," so Jehovah pities them who reverence him: for he knows our make-up: he remembers that we are dust"—dust? what so light and easily blown away. Have you seen a father holding in awkward and timid arms that tiny bit of humanity said to be his own? It is the first time: it is wonderful to be a father. If the undevout astronomer is mad, what word can do justice to the undevout father? He is worse than crazy.

I love to picture in mind the ugly stone house on a back alley of Nazareth in which the child Jesus lived and was brought up. Was it not a religious dwelling full of light because love and obedience abode in it? We seem pretty familiar with the mother, Mary, and her ways. But what of Joseph in that home of poverty and hard work? One son was named for him—so he must have been a *good* man, honest at his trade, well spoken of by neighbors. He ruled his household according to the Law. Joseph did not weakly indulge Jesus nor the other boys, nor the girls when they came. We are sure he was not profane even at Nazareth, nor careless in speech and act. "He remembered his youngsters that they were dust"—easily formed for good or ill. Joseph was a father, I think, of the right sort, if one knows what that is.

This leads up to the subject—*Fathers I Have Known.*

Some ladies were quilting the other day, and as quilters will, they fell to talking. The topic was fathers, as they had known them at home, long, long years past; what father taught of things right and good—how to keep the Sabbath and other things. There was the daily Bible-reading and prayer—before or after breakfast—boys and girls present. Fathers then took the family to church every Sunday, rain or shine, and were on time. Father stayed to Sunday-school, perhaps was superintendent or a teacher. Father may have started a district Sunday School. *Mine* did. Was your father a plain farmer, an honest neighbor, a sturdy Community-man to whom others looked to lend a hand or lead off to benefit everybody? Such fathers now and then hitched up and took the children to town. Each had a penny or two to buy things, possibly went to a circus, had peanuts, popcorn and lemonade. Good fathers know the "frame" of a boy and a girl—can tell to a dot what suits that child-frame of mind. Father was a necessary man, even a *great* man, at home. Everything depends on *father* that doesn't depend on *mother.* Well, well, the crowd of pleasant, tender reminiscences that flock around as we sit thinking—"Whose were the fathers?"

(1) First among fathers I have known is my own father, Timothy Benjamin his name, carrying the Dowd ancestral names from as far back at least as 1639, when his tribe landed at New Haven colony. As a young man with a strain of ambitious pioneer spirit he came from old Connecticut to Northeastern Ohio, a region known as Western Reserve, or New Connecticut. It was a wild, heavily timbered country.

Several of father's kin had settled there, Seville being a Massachusetts and Connecticut Yankee group. Father was a shoemaker fresh from Meriden, Conn. I remember he kept in an upstairs closet a dark purple broadcloth coat worn by him at an open-air Abolitionist meeting in Meriden. Churches then did not permit a speaker in their pulpits to talk against slavery. But father went to that out-of-door deliverance. A hoodlum mob were on the spot who hated Abolitionists. They tried to spoil this meeting, using over-ripe eggs as a strong argument. My father's purple coat was adorned by sundry streaks and smears of those fragrant eggs. He was proud of that fine coat as a memento. As a boy I was proud of it, too. My father was good. This is the proof: Once in the shop by the creek I came in, a little shaver, and stood by the bench. He reached into his pocket, or out among the tools, and found a three-cent silver piece. Handing it to me he said, "Quincy, go across to the store and get a pint of peanuts." It was wonderful how I felt. There was no nickel-giving habit then by parents. Pennies were rare. Later on at another shop father added to his stock a long shelf of candies, stick candy in large glass jars. One jar had imitation brown candy cigars, a bit of red at one end like fire. Father gave me one. Wasn't he good? I don't know how wise he was, but I liked it. Father seemed very rich with that whole shelf-full of candy jars. He went to Cleveland once or twice a year to buy boots and shoes, pegs and lasts, leather and shoe strings. He always brought home presents for Sister Katie and for me—a tiny bureau with little bits of drawers, a set of

wooden dishes the size of one's thumb; for me a little squeaky fiddle and a top. Besides, we counted on a huge, golden Porto Rico orange, juicy and sweet as ever was. Once, only once, he gave me a licking. It was out in the front yard. Doubtless I deserved it, but it surprised me to have that buggy-whip curling round my bare legs; only a cut or two, real hard; but it was enough. I remember he tweaked my ear once in church, up in the choir, when I snickered at something. Somehow father chose public places for my correction, on the theory, I suppose, of "public hangings"—the moral influence theory. But mother did the whippings in our family. I was afraid of mother. She did not spare the switch. Her boy should not be a spoiled child, if she could help it.

Father was a religious man. He never said a word to me on religion. But as a boy I had eyes to see and ears to hear. Religion was in the natural, everyday air of the home. The morning began with it right after breakfast, before father went to the shop. Bible-reading in course, Katie and I having our two verses in turn, then a song led by the "melodeon," one my Uncle George Green made; then the "long prayer" whose beginning, middle and end I got to know fairly well. It was a comprehensive prayer. Father was one of several men to organize the Seville Congregational church. In those days the old-style Presbyterian church took no stand against negro slavery. The minister didn't pray for the oppressed, nor was a pastor allowed to speak for the slave. Hence Neighbors Strong, Dix, Grey, Powers, Parmenter and father with others started the new church. They gave it generous support in money and work. One year, as I remember, these business men took turns at janitor service. It meant building fires in two big soft coal heaters, sweeping the church each Saturday and ringing the 1,000-pound bell. But father thought his boy of twelve could do all these jobs; and I did. He taught me to ring that great bell as it should be rung. John Bunyan never enjoyed bell-ringing more than I. Father was at one time school director, the only elective office he ever held. He magnified his office by visiting the village schools to see how things were going, a thing as unusual then as now. He gave me a chance to attend the town academy, sometimes taught by college men. Out of school hours and in vacations father apprenticed me in the shop, or at "waiting on the counter," selling pegged calf-skin shoes to farmers' wives and daughters, "pumps" (slippers) and prunella shoes to town ladies, and cowhide, "stogy" boots to men, and tin-tipped shoes to school children. My seat or bench was opposite father's, almost close enough for knees to touch. He hammered out moist sole-leather on his lapstone, or pegged the sole onto a boot, feeding the pegs to his mouth and then to the hand with the awl in it and driving the pegs home with smart blows in rhythmical sound, always a boy's wonder. Opposite sat diminutive I, pulling out and twisting the wax-ends, placing the hog bristles just so, then, clamp between legs, punching the long boot-seams with sharp awl and drawing my "ends" through with a will to make the whole thing water-tight and certain not to rip. Father was wise as well as good, for he let me know that my work pleased him. I could *stitch;* the shop knew it.

Mother's ambition was to have her one boy go to college, which meant go to Oberlin. Our academy teacher, Prin. Whiting, put *her* and *me* up to it. Father doubted. He said, "It may mean spoiling a good shoemaker to make a poor scholar." Mother had her way, and father was willing. He worked on in the shop, so supplying the money for modest term bills, so far as I didn't earn my way by farm work and teaching in winter district schools. A student of now would smile at seeing my itemized term bills. "Incidentals" were scarce; tobacco and "frats" nil. Fathers are a great institution, an *educational* institution at that. Colleges couldn't flourish but for fathers, though mothers see to it that boys and girls have a chance.

Father sang in the village choir, was its leader often. I, a ten-year old, sat by his side piping up a boyish treble. Truly I could sing, read the notes out of the long tune-book ("The Pshawm"), doing the trick of holding the small, thick hymn-book in my other hand, something to give one "cross-eyes." Good Neighbor Strong stood at my right and sang tenor. He was a short, wiry man. It made me feel a bit bigger to see him. Father couldn't go with the army in 1861: he had false teeth, so couldn't bite a cartridge, nor eat hardtack. Still he made good war boots for the Seville army boys of the 42d Ohio, U. S. I., on whose roster were my three Harris cousins, who wrote me thrilling letters of marches and fighting in Kentucky and Arkansas.

My father was a keen reader, buying standard books like Macaulay's England, Abbott's Civil War, Holland's Abraham Lincoln, Milton's Paradise Lost and Byron's Poems. Then, the high-class weekly papers he took in, among them *The National Era,* in which Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin came out; also the *New York Independent* in the glory of its Henry Ward Beecher era. But the small back-shop where we workmen pegged and sewed, *that* on a rainy day was a lively scene, a kind of village caucus or college. Farmers dropped in to chat, talk politics, tell the last sensation, or discuss Free-Masonry; for anti-Masons held their own at Seville. One farmer, Mr. Halsey Hulburt, a typical Yankee, and regular quiz; a small, weazened man, keen-eyed, well-read, kept our wits awake. That first vacation home from Oberlin, Mr. H—— came into the back-shop and had me at his mercy. He quizzed me with sharp questions such as an upstart "freshy" ought to pull off. I didn't try any bluff, for that keen farmer was more my dread than any professor. It was a classical period in that region. The names of towns and streams tell it to this day: "Seville, Medina, Homer, River Styx," and so on. Father belonged to the time of a new Odyssey.

(2) But I have known other fathers. Some seemed to belong to me: for were they not father's intimate friends? One of them took father as namesake of two of his boys. There was Neighbor Lyman W. S——, the prosperous chief merchant. A born trader, a man who saw chances to make profit and used them to help pioneer farmers to earn money by stopping wastage. So he started an "ashery" to turn heaps of wood ashes from burning stumps into lye. He bought pigs on a large scale and fed them corn in his adjacent barnyard at our back door. What a-squealing and a-smelling! He bought wool, storing it in his store and packing it in huge sacks let through the floor. We boys could earn a little money jumping in and tramping it down. But the great, eventful treat was those

hogsheads of brown sugar straight from New Orleans. They were emptied in the store-bins, then rolled out the rear door. The store stood on the right-of-way to and from school. One can imagine bare-legged, bare-headed boys coming on one of these huge barrels and disappearing by turns within, having a fighting chance with bees as they dug and scraped with finger-nails each crack where loose sugar was left. I fear no girl stood a show at the "linked sweetness long-drawn out."

Mr. S— owned a farm a mile north of town. It was to give his five boys a lot of vacation-work-fun. At corn- and bean-planting he needed extra help. He hired me at 50 cents a day. It meant an early start from our homes in a one-horse wagon, a merry lot eager for the day. How we worked and raced across the long rows to reach the fence corner rest spot. Then up and at it again. One joyful event was the sound of the 11 o'clock dinner-bell. A real "Old Faithful," never failing of its hour. Hoes were dropped and a rush made for a first cool douse at the wash basins. We filed in to the table for a silent, satisfied set-to with hot biscuit, hot potatoes, hot pork and beans and pickles, besides any kind of lovely pie boys like. One can feel and taste it this minute. How *can* one work on a farm that hasn't a far-sounding dinner-bell rung by the kitchen clock kept a little *fast?* Mr. S— must have been a *good* man. He knew how a boy with empty stomach feels; also when a boy is tired and "a feller wants a friend," that friend the cook, especially his mother, whose cooking is best to his knowledge.

Need it be said that Mr. S—, like my father, was a religious man? The S— home had daily home worship and piety was indigenous there with Mother Ruth. She was the first woman I ever heard pray aloud in our weekly prayer-meeting at church. It awed me and made my boy-heart soft.

Mr. S—, too, licked his boys not only once, but often. He had to do all the whipping, and five boys took a lot. They went to the barn for it; and how the youngsters yelled. You'd suppose bloody murder was going on, or that Father Abraham was sacrificing Isaac again. The oldest was Arthur: he the handsomest lad in town, a father's joy, the pride of us all. With many other brightest village-youth, he had been converted and took the Christian stand. Soon came the outbreak of the Civil War. In due time Col. James A. Garfield (later U. S. President) visited Seville to recruit Company G, 42d Regiment. Arthur S—, though only 16 years old, felt deep in his soul a Christian's duty to enlist with the Army of Union and Liberty. With Garfield's command he took that hard, hot march to attack Cumberland Gap, Tenn. The food supply failed. Many a time all the soldiers had was green corn from the field, eaten raw. Arthur, a mere boy, fell sick. The careless surgeon gave him an overdose of laudanum; and "our hero soldier" died. This was our first village war loss. The body was brought home for burial. What a funeral was that in the small "White Church"! The thing worst to my mind was that the mother *couldn't* weep, the father *couldn't* cry. The blow was so sudden: just a woful calmness, that was all. Yet Christian strength and beauty in it was remarked on and fascinated us.

Mr. S— was the honest and religious merchant. He would make no profit out of the war. Goods bought at pre-war prices were sold at the old price. He never kept tobacco in his store. His principles were not for sale. Calicoes must be "fast colors and wash." That man's business life is a Seville tradition. He prospered always; many other storekeepers I knew failed.

I recall another farmer-father, Mr. Jno. Chambers, on whose farm I worked the last summer before going to Oberlin. He, too, had a Time-conscience and Work-conscience in running a farm. Hired boys and men counted on the 11 o'clock bell, and again at 5 p. m., sharp. The true supper bell told one so. Field work had stopped, and after supper came chores, getting up the cows from pasture, the milking by aid of the Chambers daughters. Any man having a Time- and Work-conscience prospers. His boys say from the heart, "Dad is all right." Mr. C— also was a religious man, of the Presbyterian type.

(3) Another typical father I have known was my Uncle George Cook. I knew him pretty well, and, boy-fashion, took him for a remarkable man in his way. He could turn to anything and succeed. My mother's family, of which George was eldest son, came to the Ohio "big woods" from Massachusetts. The pioneer-father died early. Uncle George, still a lad in his "teens," assumed a man's lot to provide for the widow and several children. He did it well, becoming a carpenter and builder in the days before "balloon-frames." To this day Uncle George's high-pitched "Hee-ho-hee!" to the pikemen heaving the keyed timbers to their places sounds in one's ears. Later he bought a farm two miles out from Oberlin. It was my fosterhome in student days, where Aunt Maria mothered us as only good women have the knack.

One thing in father-life I must tell for the lesson in it to fathers. My uncle was a rather exacting, unexpressive man when it came to work. There were three sons at home—industrious, bright, likely fellows, working their best. Uncle expected of Milton, Harry and George to do their jobs day-by-day, early and late, and nothing *said*. One boy was especially high-strung and sensitive. He enjoyed work and knew his work was good. He craved appreciation: hungered for a word, or even a look, showing his father was pleased. But, as he once told me, an ache in his voice, a choke in his throat, "I have yet to hear a word of praise from father. He never lets me know that my work pleases him." Oh, the pity of it! Uncle's early days saw hard times in that new, rude, coarse country. He got soured somehow. Religion did not appeal to him. He never went to church. He was critical of others' religion. Faith and hope were lacking in his make-up. His thought was, "When I die, that ends all." Much as I admired Uncle George, much as he did to render student days delightful, still I could but be aware that something—the very highest and happiest, was wanting in his experience. He represented one type of father—the silent and repressed; all of whom are not dead yet. Some men forget that a boy and girl want encouraging and inspiring. A single word, a gracious look, is good pay for the best work. A boy all but adores a father who feels as his boy feels, thinks as a boy thinks, one who remembers when he was a boy and wanted to be a man. Children love comradeship. A professing Christian may fail to be open and free at home. A man should know

that work is secondary to considerations of acting on the square and keeping to a reasonable schedule of farm or shop work. What more is to be said on Fathers' Day?

(4) Alas! how many fathers I have known who fail utterly as to ideal fatherhood. Think of the grouchy, truculent, sullen fathers. There is the dishonest, untruthful father; the irritable, touchy, scolding father; the intemperate, ne'er-do-well father; the profane, irreligious father; the grasping, money-grubber father; the reckless, spendthrift, ingrate father. Thank God! such fathers are the exception. Possibly all fathers have redeeming traits, enough so that children reverence and honor them. What often surprises one is that boys and girls can tolerate a father just as he is and does. Our village has excellent fathers. What a medley of them! Could all fathers be ranged up in line, man-by-man, whom would you pick and choose? There are fathers *and* fathers. Looking back on those Seville fathers of seventy years ago, they appear rare and worthy men.

Not one of them used tobacco.

Not one but stood for temperance.

Not one but set his face against slavery of the negro.

Not one but that kept the Sabbath holy.

Not one who did not find the church sufficient, hence did not join a secret fraternity for fellowship.

Not one but was counted on to be a positive Community-builder.

Those fathers were generous and took a lead in things to benefit all. They built the church, built the academy, bought the parsonage, and paid well to support their minister. A few such fathers are a *host,* because they seek *first* God's rule and God's right. Today, looking upon this Table of the Holy Communion, I bethink me that father was a *deacon* in the church at home. The dignity, the solemnity, the honor of this holy office were real to him as to the first deacons chosen by the church at Jerusalem. With what reverence and courtesy did these father-deacons I knew serve the Lord's table among companion-disciples. As a boy I saw the good of it. Now at State Conference or National Council the observance of Holy Communion greatly edifies me at sight of a group of deacons from various churches of State or Nation chosen to distribute the Bread and the Cup. These "are the Fathers," men prominent in business, men of high political fame, and worthy farmers of the field. True representative fathers! President Woodrow Wilson himself is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, which corresponds to being a Congregational deacon. Ah, friends and beloved, shall we not thankfully and proudly remember that Jesus in his day called the good, devout Joseph, "Father"? Rejoice ever more in being told that,

"Like as a father pities his children,
So the Lord pities them that fear him;
For he knows our frame,
He remembers that we are dust."

An article in a recent number of *American Motherhood,* by Mrs. Julia Sargent Visher, entitled "A Word for Father on Mother's Day," closes with lines a *man* wrote:

I have a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I by force of Nature
Might in some dim wise divine
The depths of this infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

A MIRACLE

(*After Tolstoi's Interpretation.*)

Five thousand listening to enlightening words,
And many healéd of disease and pain,—
But still they linger on, till shadows fall,—

"Here in the desert, Lord, is naught to buy;
Pray send them forth to purchase food and rest,
In villages a-near."
And then His smile!—

"But there is food for all."

"Nay, Lord, we have just five small loaves and fish but two."

Behold! The Elder Brother takes them then,
And there, in sight of all,—the rich, the poor;
The high, the low; he raises them on high—
Raises and blesses.—Oh, that smile divine!
For there, in sight of all, he, lifting them,
Impressively divides!
Then, lo, a miracle!
For hearts erstwhile self-centered glimpsed a vision,
And each who *has* is eager now to *share.*—
"See, I have bread." "I, dates," "I, wine."
"Here, sister, share my crust, I grieve 'tis small."
"These apricots, my brother, and this barley loaf."
"You're cold, my aged friend, this mantle, so,
Across your shoulders."
"Nay, you are weary, let me hold your child, your pretty dove,
He'll eat this wheaten cake and pomegranate."

So each who had, was't large or small,
Shared with his neighbor who mayhap had naught,
And lo, enough for all!
Enough and more—twelve baskets more. A miracle of love!
A miracle of love!
A miracle of insight!
A miracle of faith, in human hearts!

Enough for all and more, in God's fair world,
Enough for every nation, great and small,
When Love divine performs its miracle in waiting human hearts.
Justice replaces Greed,
Suspicion yields to Faith,
Ambition strives to serve,
And Wisdom true, dethrones red Mars for aye.

O Love divine, in Man indwelling,
Teach us to know the Way!

BERTHA JOHNSTON.

This earnest of the end shall never fade!
Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!

But live and learn, though life's short, learning, hard!

This life of mine
Must be lived out and a grave thoroughly earned:
I am just fit for that and naught beside.

—*Browning, in "Paracelsus."*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVI

The New Commandment of Jesus

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

—*Luke* VI:31 (*Revised Version*).

Do to others as you wish them to do to you.

—*Luke* (*Twentieth Century New Testament.*)

In this lesson we face the inevitable question as to what Jesus gave to the religious life of the world that was not in the religion of the Jew before he came.

It is quite clear that Jesus did try to bring the religion of his fathers down to date. He did take the ten commandments, his inheritance, and try to apply them to the moral life of his time and people. We have in his words an attempt to state the laws in their ethical application in the terms of his day. We are so hardened to familiar phrases that it is difficult for us to realize the radicalism of his comments upon the times.

The so-called Sermon on the Mount is clearly a compilation arranged logically and topically by someone who was close to Jesus and knew his teachings, not a sermon in the modern sense, drafted at one time, but a collection of his final teachings.

In the teaching of Jesus we have a paradox which requires spiritual insight to explain. He starts out by dogmatically affirming his allegiance to the old law, apparently demanding such allegiance with all the definiteness with which a Presbyterian will insist upon the acceptance of Jesus' words. He had been accused of radicalism; he was a nonconformist, an out-of-door preacher, a roadside companion. He was accused of being a jolly fellow, eating and drinking with publicans and sinners, and this false impression he seems to have been anxious to correct.

The Twentieth Century New Testament is an attempt by an anonymous committee of competent Oxford scholars to translate the best Greek text into the vernacular of today. In it we lose the dignity and charm of the "solemn" style, practically Shakespearean English of the St. James Version, but gain a freshness and modernity which tells in the application. English readers are the only ones who have clung to the archaic dignity and preserved that charming style.

This modern version quotes Jesus as saying:

> Do not think that I have come to do away with the Law or the Prophets; I have not come to do away with them, but to complete them. For I tell you, until the heavens and the earth disappear, not even the smallest letter, nor one stroke of a letter, shall disappear from the Law until all is done. Whoever, therefore, breaks one of these commandments, even the least of them, and teaches others to do so, will be least-esteemed in the Kingdom of Heaven; but whoever keeps them, and teaches others to do so, will be esteemed great in the Kingdom of Heaven. Indeed I tell you that, unless your religion is above that of the Teachers of the Law, and Pharisees, you will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

This is very dogmatic, very specific, apparently very literal, but evidently Jesus did not propose to be understood as having closed the case, and he proceeded at once to handle the law and the prophets with a very free hand. He took separate counts one after another: Murder and anger, impurity and divorce, on oaths and revenge. On love,

> You have heard that it was said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy." I, however, say to you—Love your enemies, and pray for those who persecute you, that you may become Sons of your Father who is in Heaven; for he sends rain upon the righteous and upon the unrighteous.

And in the Gospel of John he is reported as saying, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

He comments on giving and praying and follows by the prayer we call "The Lord's." In all it is a thorough radical revision of the old code, not throwing it away but bringing it down to date. He sums up the ten commandments and comments on them, for by this time the Old Testament had practically assumed its present form and was insisted upon with the same severity with which today orthodoxy insists upon the acceptance of the whole Bible.

In these chapters in Matthew you will see how Jesus climbs, a step at a time, to a great climax. He says:

> Ask, and your prayer shall be granted; search, and you shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened to you. For he that asks receives, he that searches finds, and to him that knocks the door shall be opened. Who among you, when his son asks him for a loaf, will give him a stone, or when he asks for a fish, will give him a snake? If you, then, wicked though you are, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in Heaven give what is good to those that ask him? Do to others whatever you would wish them to do to you; for that is the teaching of both the Law and the Prophets.

What are we going to do with the Golden Rule? Are we ready to apply it?

It is the habit of the orthodox Christian to say that this rule is unique and that it at least is a specific contribution of Jesus. But it is equally true, as scholars know, that you cannot take out a copyright on the Golden Rule, not even to the credit of Jesus. The world has always been open to that sort of thing.

There were two great teachers in Jerusalem almost contemporary with Jesus, probably old men, Gamaliel and Hillel. They were the great schoolmasters of that time. Paul studied at the feet of Gamaliel. Tradition says that one day a student went to Gamaliel and asked him if he could sum up the whole law while he stood on one foot, which question angered the teacher. The inquirer then went to Hillel with the same question and Hillel said, "Do to others as ye would that others should do to you.—That you can say while standing on one foot and in it you have the whole law."

An old story coming from China, antedating this story by perhaps two hundred years, is that of a teacher, it might have been Laotze, who was asked if he could condense the requirements of the ethical law into one word. The teacher said, "Is not that word 'reciprocity'?"

In the middle of the fourth century B. C. Diogenes asks Aristotle for a rule of conduct toward friends. Aristotle said, "We should behave to our friends as we would our friends should behave to us."

Seven hundred years B. C. one of the wise men of Greece wrote, "We live most virtuously if we never do ourselves what we blame in others."

Socrates, in the fourth century, "What would make you angry for anyone to do to you, do you not to others."

We find in Tobit, a book perhaps a hundred and fifty years old when Jesus was born, a bed-time story perhaps told to Jesus by his mother, which contains the maxim, "What thou thyself hatest, do to no man."

A point made by orthodox teachers is that Confucius put the rule in the negative form and Jesus put it in the positive. There is a difference, but it seems almost negligible.

I like to think that human nature, after it has reached a certain height of spiritual growth, glimpses this other law, this better way of doing, recognizes that the law of hate belongs to the lower realms of life that govern the brute that is horned and clawed and defends itself by force. Jesus did try to interpret the past in the light of the new life he saw.

About seven years ago when scholars in Germany and England were discussing the historicity of Jesus, a very great and much respected Jewish teacher in England, Claude Montifiore, startled the world by saying that Jesus did make a new contribution to religion by placing peculiar emphasis on what was in their possession but unrecognized. Jesus put emphasis on the law of love, not on justice previously pre-eminent in their ethical teaching. He brought a personality and a presence that succeeded in putting vital emphasis on that which was previously unrealized.

The elder Hirsch and Rabbi Wise, who started the Jewish Reform movement, insist that there was no departure in that movement, that they are orthodox Jews but with a newly placed emphasis on the essentials of their religion. Jesus was a good reform Jew; he tried to make real the pretensions of his people.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Can we accept the history of the Jews as a justification of the new commandment of Jesus?

(2) Did Jesus make any new contribution to the ethics of his day?

(3) What new emphasis, if any, did he give to the religion of the Jew?

(4) Where do we find versions of the Golden Rule other than that contained in Luke?

(5) Give an historical illustration of the conquering power of love; give an illustration from literature.

What is this flesh we have to penetrate?
Oh, not alone when life flows still, do truth
And power emerge, but also when strange chance
Ruffles its current; in unused conjecture,
When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,
Excess of languor—oftenest death's approach,
Peril, deep joy or woe.

—*Robert Browning.*

New Books

Morris Jastrow's "The War and the Bagdad Railway" (J. B. Lippincott Company), is one of the few war books that adds to the information of the reader. The war is surely too near and the questions are too hot to be handled in an academic spirit, much less in the calm light of open mindedness. But this book opens up a vast realm on the surface of the globe, the existence of which, if known, is scarcely realized. A person of average intelligence knows Europe and knows Asia, but the great continents are thought of chiefly in terms of "Western Europe" and the "Far East." We skip from London, Paris and Berlin to Hong Kong, Calcutta and Bombay. By chance the imagination will stop for a moment in passing at Constantinople, but the map of Eastern Europe becomes hopelessly confused. Countries and peoples we scarcely knew before the war are demanding a place on the map of the intelligent. Still more obscure is the realm of the "Asia Minor" world, the world of the classic ages of Greece and Rome. The map that traces this great railway from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, the larger part of which is already constructed, brings one's ignorance forcibly to mind. These four chapters, entitled, The War in the East, The Story of Asia Minor, The Story of the Bagdad Railway and The Issue and the Outlook, are full of information, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary before the great conflict and economic questions involved in the war can be intelligently considered. The book deals with facts that must be reckoned with before the problems of internationalism can be adjusted. The story of Asia Minor is the story of futile wars, of misguided heroes and terrible wastefulness.

The companion volume by Professor Jastrow, "The War and the Coming Peace," is more a book of theory. It discusses the "War as a Moral Issue" and the "Problems of Peace." Economic conditions will never organize the world on these foundations, but neither will peace ever come without reckoning with the economic conditions. The motto of Part II in the Second Book is the keynote of its discussion, "Above all nations is humanity."

Professor Jastrow occupies a strategic viewpoint from which to appreciate the unity of the human race. He is a Jew by birth and race, an American by sympathy and culture, an authority on the religions of the elder world, particularly of the Assyrian world. The man commends the book and the book maintains the reputation of the author.

"The Soul of America in Time of War" (The Beacon Press, Boston). Here are fifteen sermons by as many Unitarian ministers, compiled by the President of the American Unitarian Association. The Editor is presumably responsible for the title which is rather

ambitious. The sermons are decidedly belligerent if not bellicose! There is little emphasis on the gentler phases of religion; only four of the fifteen selected have quoted the words of Jesus. They bear the characteristics of Unitarian sermons, dignified, scholarly, informing, accurate in statement, admirable in temper, except when a pacifist heaves in sight. These fifteen earnest ministers are, we suspect, the last to claim for their utterances the presumption of the title. They will not consult one another for their inspiration until they have reckoned with their Emerson, Lowell, Charles Sumner, John Fiske and Walt Whitman. The true "Soul of America" finds full expression in human brotherhood, the fraternity of nations, the cosmopolitan citizen and the freedom that finds expression in internationalism.

"Democracy Made Safe," by Paul Harris Drake (LeRoy Phillips, Boston), is a bold adventure, most people would say "plunge," into theoretic if not ideal economics. The Proposition is Stated, Proofs Offered, Objections Considered, Labor and Leisure, The Unfit, The Actual Problem, are among the topics considered. However radical the changes must be in the economic and social world, and they will be greater than any of us can dream of, one thing is sure to our mind; it will be a growth out of the present and not an abandonment of present attainment. If we are to build the upper stories we will not knock from under our feet the ladder upon which we stand. Man's labor and nature's bounty must constitute the wealth of the world in the future as in the past. Some counter of toil representative of sweat must be used as a medium of exchange, and money, which this author seems to despise, or something else, must be used. If not money, then some more efficient "current coin." This book is a good book to read as a provocative of thought rather than as satisfactory thought.

In "Catholicity, A Treatise on the Unity of Religions," by Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D. (Putnam's Sons), though dead he yet speaketh. This is the second volume compiled from the rich storehouse left in the manuscripts of this beloved teacher. The first volume, "The Mysticism of Music," appeared in 1915. This volume was delayed by the exigencies of the war. The editor, Frederick Maurice Newton,—note the significance of the Christian name,—tells us that "This volume stands as planned by Dr. Newton, the title chosen and the contents determined." To the earlier readers of UNITY this is a very familiar matter. Heber Newton was clearly of the UNITY band when UNITY was the mouthpiece of the Parliament of Religions, the errand boy of the Congresses of Religion that followed the Parliament. Several of these eleven chapters were heard on the platform of the various congresses of religion that met from Boston to San Francisco. Dr. Newton was a broad churchman. He belongs in that list of Episcopalian ministers that begins with Colenso and ends with Phillips Brooks.

The chapters, Christianity a Re-baptized Paganism, Christianity the Flower of Paganism, The Hidden Wisdom of Paganism—The Open Secret of Christianity, The Cypher of the Cross, indicate the mystical element which made the preaching of this man so effective. Religion and Religions, The Possibilities of Common Worship, Christianity in Evolution and A Survival of the Fittest indicate the openness of his mind. His religious life was founded in the faith of the far East, the ethics of the Christ and the gospel of Evolution. We have no time to search our files, but we are safe in saying that several of these addresses have already appeared in part or in whole in the pages of UNITY. Probably the one entitled "Religion and Religions" was among them. Be that as it may, we will gladly make room for it again, welcoming the beloved comrade who was such a loving colleague in the high creative days of the world's Parliament and the activities that followed.

Dr. Newton, an Episcopalian, collaborated with Rabbi Gottheil, the Jew, and Thomas R. Slicer, the Unitarian, in compiling "The Book of Common Worship," which was such a revelation to the devout world. The principle that governed the compilers was that they would publish nothing except that which appealed to the judgment and feeling of the three. So together they searched the bibles of the elder world, the prayers of the saints, the sayings of the sages, and the deliveries of the prophets. The result was a book charged with daily helps for daily needs.

As our space permits we will print entire the discourses entitled "Religion and Religions" and "The Possibilities of Common Worship."

If we could wait! The only fault's with time;
All men become good creatures: but so slow!

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.

. . . . .

Keep but God's model safe, new men will rise
To take its mould, and other days to prove
How great a good was Luria's glory.

—Browning, in "Luria."

I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time:
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures:
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's: so, seeing these men and myself,
Having a right to speak, thus do I speak.
I'll not curse—God bears with them, well may I—
But I—protest against their claiming me.

—Browning in "A Soul's Tragedy."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Walker Building, 120 Boylston Street, Boston.

August 1, 1918.

Dear Friend of Free Religion:

The Senate of the United States has passed a resolution recommending the President to call upon the people to engage in a daily prayer and coupled that request in an ineradicable way with the word "Angelus." This resolution, known popularly as "the Angelus Resolution," and officially as "S. J. 164," regardless of the fact that the United States is constitutionally a country of free religion, a country, that is to say, in which the utmost care has been taken to separate church and state, has been met with a most ominous silence on the part of the press and comparatively few people are aware of its progress and significance. The whole question of prayer by official request is a doubtful one, but to ask the whole people to recite a distinctly Roman Catholic prayer augurs ill for religious freedom and democracy. The resolution, having passed the Senate, is now before the House of Representatives for action. Your Congressman ought to know immediately where you stand on the matter and your local paper ought to be urged to keep you informed with regard to it. Please let us have a copy of any letters or articles you may write in this connection.

Another matter in which your assistance would be valued is in a study of "Recent Violations of and Encroachments on Religious Freedom in the United States." A committee, consisting of well-known ministers and laymen of various denominations, has been appointed and requests information and suggestions from your vicinity.

We also ask your co-operation in extending the influence of "The Arbitrator," issued monthly to present **both** sides of important public questions. It is sent free to all members of the Free Religious Association and you will greatly help the object in view if you will take the time each month to fill out and return the questionnaire in the back of each issue. Sample copies will be sent to any friends whom you may name.

Plans are maturing for the Autumn Conference of the F. R. A., to be held at Providence House, Chestnut Hill, Mass., on Tuesday, afternoon and evening, September 24, 1918. The tentative subject is "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality in Religion," with special reference to the growing tendency toward religious unity both at home and in the trenches.

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